

The American Pace

Marcy Rath

*The train thunders on.
The timetable is met.
Fast runs he in the sand
As the waves erase any sign of his presence.
Making room for the next.*

*Horns blare in impatience.
Tires squeal as rubber meets pavement
Angrily beating the clock.
A steady rhythm of the pendulum is heard
With each hurried pound of the pavement,
As cement touches shoe.*

*The coffee cup remains eternally half-empty: cold;
And the warmth of a chair
Once felt by another's body,
Is never there from the first.*

*There is one who defies.
The tips of her fingers run smoothly over the petals
Counting, "He loves me, he loves me not."
Her blue eyes reach out to the blue sky,
And are one.*

*The wind rearranges her hair,
And she knows no timetable.
Living belongs to her.
To feel, to touch, to savor, to caress,
What are these to many?*